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CLIVE BARKER'S THE HARROWERS RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS

DEATH AND RESSURECTION

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MANHATTAN, LOWER WEST SIDE, THE ABANDONED BLEEKER STREET HOTEL, BASE OF OPERATIONS FOR THE HARROWERS. WITH A FLASH OF LIGHT THE GODDESS MORTE MAMME APPEARS AMONG THEM... AND CONFIRMS THEIR WORST FEARS.
MY FOLLOWERS, DUBLIN MORSE HAS BEEN TAKEN BY THE CENOBITES. YOU ARE ONLY FIVE NOW...
...AND SOON PERHAPS, ONLY THREE.
THE TREMOR IN MORTE MAMME'S VOICE REVEALS AN EMOTION UNWORTHY OF A DIVINITY.
FEAR.
WHAT-- ARE VERA AND GAGE IN DANGER? BUT THEY'RE JUST TAKING THAT GUY THEY SAVED FROM HELL, MARTY, TO SEE HIS SON.
MARTIN IS NOT THE MAN I SENT THEM TO RESCUE. HE IS A SERIAL KILLER WHO HAS ALREADY MURDERED TWICE SINCE HIS RETURN.
THE BETRAYALS HAVE BEGUN.
WHAT'S ALL THIS MEAN, MORTE MAMME?
I DO NOT KNOW. FOR THE FIRST TIME, I CANNOT SEE THE FUTURE, A THUNDEROUS CLOUD OF MALIGNANCY CLOAKS MY POWERS OF PROPHESY.
THE DEVIL'S PAWN: PART II:
DOUBLE EDGED SWORD

ELOQUENTLY PUT, GODDESS--AND FROM THAT CLOUD, COMES THE DARK PRINCE TO CAST THE FIRST BOLT OF LIGHTNING!
I'M SURE HE IS BUT THAT WASN'T NECESSARY.
BEFORE LOSING HIS HEARING, MY FAITHFUL MIMIC LEARNED TO IMITATE RON RINGWOOD'S VOICE PERFECTLY.
PINHEAD!, WITH MARTY SEVENBIRD'S SWORD.
IS DUBLIN SUCH A JUDAS THAT HE WOULD MAKE THIS AMBUSH POSSIBLE BY USING HIS VOICE TO ACTIVATE THE SWORD?
FREE ACCESS TO EARTH WHENEVER YOU PLEASE. SO FAR FROM PERMISSABLE...
...BUT SO DIFFICULT TO PREVENT! USING AN OPEN PORTAL SUCH AS THIS, ALLOWS ME A DIRECT LINK WITH LEVIATHAN.
HIS RESOURCES BECOME MINE, AND MY POWER...

...BECOMES BOUNDLESS.
CHAINS SPRING FROM THIN AIR, PINNING THE HARROWERS TO THE FLOOR.
A SPINNING DIAMOND OF ENERGY ENCASES HELL'S PRINCE--
--AND FROM IT FLY CHARGES OF TAINTING DESTRUCTION.
KRRAAAK
LEAVE US! WE ARE INVULNERABLE TO YOUR DARKNESS!

NOT TRUE! LOSING DUBLIN HAS WEAKENED YOU! VERY SOON NOW, VERA AND GAGE WILL BE GONE AS WELL.
I SEE THE FEAR IN YOU, GODDESS...
...AND IT FEEDS ME!
LAY DOWN THE HARROWER SWORD, PINHEAD. LAY DOWN THE WEAPON AND I WILL RETURN WITH YOU TO HELL AND FIGHT YOU ON YOUR OWN GROUND.
NO! THE SWORD REMAINS WITH ME.
PREPARE TO DIE, GODDESS!
MIDDLETON, MASSACHUSETTS. THE HOME OF ERIC AND LISA TAPER.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR SON'S DONE WELL FOR HIMSELF, MARTY.
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN HE SEES YOU AFTER SO LONG.
HE'S GONNA BE REALLY HAPPY.

PLEASE DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, YOU'VE BEEN JUST WONDERFUL TO ME...
I CAN FEEL IT, SLIDING...
...BUT I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WHEN I MEET MY SON.
I DIDN'T COME ALL THIS WAY TO WAIT FREEZIN' IN THE BACK OF A SMELLY CAR LIKE SOME DOPE DEALER'S GIRL!
VERA, I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME BEFORE MY TRANSFORMATION. GRANT ME THIS LAST REQUEST--PLEASE.
...SLIDING OVER MY HEAD...
TAKE MY KITTEN, WILL YA MARTY? HE'LL GET TOO COLD OUT HERE.
SORRY, ZINC. YOU GOTTA GO FOR BOTH OF US.
HISS!
...DOWN INTO PLACE.
DON'T TAKE LONG OR WE'LL BE FROZEN STIFF.
DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE QUICK!
...AH, THE HOOD OF THE EXECUTIONER...
...STILL FITS ME LIKE A GLOVE.
POOR GUY, JUST SITTIN' THERE WORKIN UP THE NERVE TO RING THE BELL.
SOMETHING'S FUNNY ABOUT THIS, VERA. THAT'S WHY I SENT ZINC TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.
YEAH, YEAH. YOU'RE A VOYEUR, GAGE. YOU'RE JUST INTO WATCHING.
UH UH! ZINC NEVER LIKED HIM, AND NOW I DON'T EITHER.
WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO RECOGNIZE THE FACE OF DEATH, NOW WOULD I, ERIC?

MOMENTS LATER, LIGA ANSWERS THE DOOR...
MY HUSBAND'S SO EXCITED! WHERE DID YOU SEE HIS PAINTINGS?
OH, I HAVE AGENTS IN ALL THE MAJOR EAST COAST CITIES.
ERIC TAPER, THIS IS ARMENIAN BARRISTER.
NICE TO MEET YOU
COME ON IN.
WITH PLEASURE.
...PEERING THROUGH THE EYE-HOLES...
...SUCH AN OPEN, TRUSTING FACE--PITY BEING RUSHED..
USING A POWER BESTOWED BY THE GODDESS ON BOTH ZINC AND GAGE, THE KITTEN WATCHES THE STRANGE EXCHANGE, NOT WITH HIS EYES...

...BUT HIS MASTER'S.
SOMETHING WEIRD'S GOING ON. MARTY'S WEARING A FAKE MUSTACHE, AND HE'S PRETENDING LIKE HE OWNS A STORE OR SOMETHING.
WHAT'S HIS SON SAYING?
IT'S NOT HIS SON, VERA. MARTY'S A BIGGER LIAR THAN ME.
RENT A RECK
LOOKS LIKE MARTY MIGHT BE ONE OF THOSE SOULS *BEST LEFT* IN HELL.
ANYTHING HAPPENS, GAGE, IT'S GONNA BE *OUR* FAULT FOR LYING TO THE GODDESS ABOUT RESCUING THE *WRONG* MAN.
SO GET YOUR BUTT READY TO *SWITCH* WITH ZINC IF THERE'S TROUBLE.
I WISH WE'D LEFT MARTY WHERE WE FOUND HIM.

I'VE FELT SUCH PURENESS OF EVIL ONLY ONCE BEFORE, WHEN BATTLING LEVIATHAN HIMSELF.
HE WIELDS THE SACRED SWORD AS IF HE KNOWS...
...KNOWS THE SECRET OF MY ONLY WEAKNESS.
BACK AT HARROWER HEADQUARTERS, THE BATTLE RAGES ON.
FROM THE OPEN PORTAL, A CONSTANT STREAM OF ENERGY ENGULFS PINHEAD.
THE SWORD, PINHEAD. GIVE ME BACK WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE.
ONLY IF YOUR BODY BECOMES ITS SHEATH.
SSSSSSS
SSSZZZLL
THE MONSTER LEAVES ME NO CHOICE!
I MUST UN-MAKE THAT WHICH I CREATED!

...SMELL, MY FEEBLE SERVANT, SMELL THE MELTING BLADE AND REMEMBER YOUR PART!
DESTROYING ONE OF YOUR SACRED WEAPONS?!
SUCH A DESPERATE ACT FOR A GODDESS.
...IT IS AS I SUSPECTED..
INTO THE DARK SILENCE OF THE WIZENED CENOBITE'S WORLD ENTERS THE FUMES OF MOLTEN ORE, AND HE REMEMBERS.
THE TWINS' PERFUME WORKS LIKE A HOMING BEACON.
SAVE US!
GODDESS!

THE CRIES DO NOT GO UNHEEDED.
BUT LEVIATHAN'S FIELD SHIMMERS WITH RENEWED POWER, AND BREAKING THROUGH...
...WEAKENS MORTE MAMME EVEN MORE.
DOUBTLESS YOU WELCOME DEATH, PATHETIC CREATURE.
SHHHWWAAHH!

A GODDESSES DEVOTION—SO PREDICTABLE.
ENOUGH OF THE BLADE LEFT TO DO THE DEED.
AAAHHH!
YOU HAD REASON TO BE AFRAID, MORTE MAMME.
DEATH IS A STRANGER TO DIVINITIES.
YOU SHOULD'VE WORRIED ABOUT SAVING YOURSELF RATHER THAN A PAIR OF BRATTY HUMANS!
THE GODDESS FALLS.
THE PORTAL CLOSES.
THE ENEMY WITHDRAWS...
... VICTORIOUS!

INSIDE ERIC TAPER'S ART STUDIO, ANOTHER EVIL IS ABOUT TO STRIKE.
GAGE WATCHES THROUGH HIS KITTEN'S EYES, SENSING THE DANGER, BUT NOT KNOWING THE FORM IT WILL TAKE.
THE PLAN MARTIN HAD AGREED UPON WITH THE CENOBITES WAS GOING FLAWLESSLY.
FOUR MURDERS WITHIN THE NEXT TEN MINUTES. HE FELT GIDDY AT THE PROSPECT.
ERIC AND HIS WIFE WOULD BE REVENGE KILLS-- PURE PLEASURE.
AND THEIR SCREAMS WOULD BRING THE TWO HARROWERS RUNNING.
ALMOST TOO EASY.

HE'S GOT A KNIFE!
GET GOIN' THEN! SWAP WITH ZINC, AND I'LL MEET YOU IN THERE!
ZINC--TIME FOR ACTION.
I'M GONNA NEED YOU ON HIS BACK.
GET READY TO JUMP...
...NOW!
AND SWITCH! COME ON ZINC, SWITCH!
VERA... SOMETHING'S WRONG.
PAIN IN MY CHEST.
MINE TOO.
LOST TOUCH WITH ZINC!
PLEASE LET EVERYTHING BE OKAY.
PLEASE DON'T LET ANYBODY BE HURT.

THE AX FEELS HEAVY IN GAGE'S HANDS.
HE BRACES HIMSELF AT WHAT HE MIGHT FIND. WHAT MARTY MIGHT HAVE DONE TO THOSE NICE PEOPLE...
EEEEEEiii
BAW
IM
BAW
IM
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BABY... IT'S ALL RIGHT.
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
YEAH, BUT HE'S NOT GOING ANY-WHERE.
STUPID CAT...
HEY-- YOU TWO OKAY?

WE'RE FINE--BUT WAS THAT YOUR KITTEN? HE SAVED OUR LIFE...
...GAVE ME TIME TO GET THE GUN.
IT'S TRUE. WE NEVER WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM COMING.
ZINC?
IT'S OKAY, ZINK. I'M HERE NOW.
YOU DID IT, LITTLE GUY! YOU SAVED THEM.
YOU'RE A HERO!
ZINC?
HE'S DEAD.
I WAS YOUR MASTER, YOU...
...TRUSTED ME.

WHAT HAPPENED, GABE? WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, SWEETY-- NOT LITTLE ZINC.
IT'S MY FAULT, VERA... ALL MY FAULT.
TOLD HIM TO JUMP-- BUT THEN I COULDN'T SWITCH.
YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME, GABE. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO OUR POWERS.
THAT SCUM-BAG MARTY STILL BREATHING?
BARELY. LISA, CALL AN AMBULANCE, AND THE POLICE.
THAT'S RIGHT CHIEF, THAT MAN YOU SAID WAS DEAD JUST TRIED TO KILL US.
YES, HE'S LYING HERE-- BLEEDING TO DEATH.
I PAINTED THIS SCENE, MARTIN. BUT I NEVER KNEW IF IT WAS YOU LYING THERE...
...OR ME.
WE GOTTA GET BACK TO THE OTHERS--FIND OUT WHAT'S GONE WRONG.

MANHATTAN : THE SEVENTEENTH STREET PIER.
YOU SURE THIS PLACE IS COOL?
U DRIVE IT
DADDY'S LEASED IT FOR SOME FABRIC COMING IN FROM CHINA BUT THE SHIP'S BEEN DELAYED.
SO THE WHOLE WAREHOUSE IS EMPTY TILL NEXT WEEK.

HOW 'BOUT THE SECURITY GUARDS?
NONE RIGHT NOW. NOTHING TO GUARD.

RON-- THERE'S NO WAY SHE'LL DIE, RIGHT? A GODDESS CAN'T DIE, CAN SHE?

I WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT SO...

...BUT SHE WAS BLEEDING PRETTY BAD, AND I WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT SHE'D DO THAT EITHER.
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER?
WHENEVER I TAKE ON A HUMAN FORM, I ALSO ACQUIRE ITS FRAILTIES AS WELL. BUT I GLADLY TAKE THE RISK SO AS TO BETTER COMMUNICATE WITH YOU, MY FOLLOWERS.

THE WOUND IS NOT A LETHAL ONE, BUT IT TRAPS ME WITHIN THIS BODY UNTIL FULLY HEALED, MAKING ME VULNERABLE TO FURTHER ATTACKS.
FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THE DANGER IS GREATEST. I WILL NEED PROTECTION FROM ALL OF YOU.
VERA AND GAGE ARE ON THEIR WAY. THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON.
GOOD. FORM A CIRCLE WITH THE SACRED ROPE. IT WILL CREATE A SAFE SPACE WITHIN WHICH I CAN REST AND REGENERATE.
BRRRP BRRP
NO LUCINDA. THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR US. DO NOT ANSWER YOUR PHONE. SPEAK TO NO ONE OUTSIDE OF YOUR FELLOW HARROWERS.
BRRP
WHEN VERA AND GAGE ARRIVE, SPEAK MY NAME IN UNISON AND I SHALL AWAKEN.
YES, MORTE MAMME.

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL.
THE SURGERY WAS SUCCESSFUL. HE'S RECOVERING NICELY.
MMM. ANY IDEA HOW LONG THAT'LL TAKE?
I'D SAY FOUR TO SIX WEEKS.
SUCH A WASTE OF TIME AND MONEY TO NURSE THIS GUY BACK TO HEALTH JUST SO WE CAN SEND HIM TO THE GAS CHAMBER.
I'M INCLINED TO AGREE. AND WITH OUR SHORTNESS OF BEDS, IT'S IRONIC THAT THE *LEAST* DESERVING PATIENT IN THE HOSPITAL BE THE *ONLY* ONE WITH A PRIVATE ROOM.
LOOKS LIKE BEING A SERIAL KILLER SURE HAS ITS PERKS.
I DON'T GET IT CHIEF— IF THAT'S REALLY MARTIN HEULER IN THERE, WHERE HAS HE BEEN THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS?
WOULDN'T WE ALL LIKE TO KNOW?
NOW, *NOBODY* GOES IN HERE UNLESS ONE OF YOU IS WITH 'EM, GET ME? *NOBODY.*

NEW YORK CITY.. OUTSIDE PENN STATION.
TAKE US TO PIER 22 AT WEST 17TH -- AND I'LL GIVE YOU TWO EXTRA BUCKS FOR EVERY RED LIGHT YOU RUN.
THE GODDESS FLOATS IN A TRANCE-LIKE STATE, HER SPIRIT FIGHTING TO HEAL THE DAMAGED HUMAN FORM WHICH TRAPS IT.
I'M GOING TO GET A SANDWICH FROM THE DELI ON THE CORNER. WANT ANYTHING?
I'M FINE-- LUCE, WANT A YOGURT?
AND A GRUBBY PLASTIC SPOON TO EAT IT WITH? NO THANK-YOU.
BRRP
LUCINDA, DON'T YOU DARE!
IT COULD BE VERA AND GAGE-- MAYBE THEY'RE LOST.
NO LUCE, DON'T! MORTE MAMME SAID..
BRRP
HELLO? IF YOU'RE NOT A HARROWER, HANG UP. I CAN'T TALK TO YOU.

BELOW IN HELL...
THEY'RE STILL IN THE CITY. PIER 22 ON THE WEST SIDE.
EXCELLENT. I'M PLEASED YOU WISH TO MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH MORTE MAMME BEFORE BEGINNING WORK IN EARNEST FOR ME.
SHOWS SUCH STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.
I JUST HOPE SHE'LL SEE ME.
OH SHE WILL. I'M COUNTING ON IT.
ABOVE...
...VERA AND GAGE ARRIVE AND TOGETHER THE HARROWERS AWAKEN THEIR GODDESS.
WHAT NEWS?
LUCINDA SPOKE TO DUBLIN ON THE PHONE. TOLD HIM WHERE WE WERE.
STUPID CHILD.
DO YOU NOT REMEMBER ME TELLING YOU THAT HE IS A CENOBITE NOW?
HE SAID HE'D ESCAPED! I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT HIM HERE WITH THE REST OF US TO HELP PROTECT YOU.
I AM STILL SO WEAK. THE PLOT AGAINST ME MOVES TOO QUICKLY.
FORM A CIRCLE AROUND ME FACING OUT AND STAND WITH YOUR WEAPONS DRAWN.

MOMENTS LATER...
...A BEAM OF BLUE LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE--A BEACON OF PERIL.
DON'T HARM US! WE COME IN PEACE!
YOU LITTLE WEASEL. I ALWAYS DID BELIEVE IN THE DEATH PENALTY FOR TRAITORS.
PLEASE--I'VE COME ONLY TO SAY GOOD-BYE AND RETURN WHAT IS NO LONGER MINE.
I BELIEVE YOU. SEAL THE PORTAL TO HELL--THEN YOU MAY APPROACH.
THE DOOR CLOSES, AND FOR THE MOMENT, THE DANGER SUBSIDES.
I'M SORRY, MORTE MAMME. I WASN'T WORTHY OF BEING A HARROWER.

OF COURSE YOU WERE, DUBLIN. BUT YOU ALLOWED OTHERS PULL YOU DOWN.
...ONE I JUST CAN'T PASS UP.
RYAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CARVING US A PLACE IN HISTORY: RYAN AND DUBLIN MORSE--THE TWINS THAT HELPED DESTROY A GODDESS!
SWAK
THE BLADE DRIVES DEEP INTO THEIR SHARED BELLY, RIPPING OPEN A FRESH HOLE INTO HELL.
MY, SUCH A RARE OPPORTUNITY--TO BE SO CLOSE TO A DIVINITY...
GLORY!
NO!
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE...

...PRICELESS!
MY HARROWERS. THE SCALE HAS BEEN TIPPED...
...THE WORLD NEEDS YOU NOW, MORE THAN EVER.
SHE'S GONE.
THE KNIFE THAT KILLED A GODDESS. SUCH A COLLECTIBLE.
AHHH---THE WEAPON RETURNS TO DUST...LIKE IT'S CREATOR.
FFFFT

OUR WEAPONS!
FFFT
FFFT
GONE. LIKE THE GODDESS --AND ZINC.
MY POOR ORPHANED HARROWERS. HOW REWARDING IT WOULD BE TO ORCHESTRATE INDIVIDUAL HELLS FOR EACH OF YOU.
BUT MORTE MAMME WAS RIGHT, THE WORLD DOES NEED YOU NOW--
IT WON'T BE A DIFFICULT JOB.
TERROR IS SO INFECTIOUS.
SORRY TO BE LOSING YOU MORSE TWINS, BUT THE LAST THING HELL NEEDS ANY MORE OF IS DAMAGED GOODS.
--TO SPREAD THE NEWS ABOUT HOW EVIL TRI-UMPHED OVER GOOD ON THIS DAY.
PLEASE, BELIEVE ME. I DIDN'T KNOW HE MEANT TO KILL HER!
HARD TO UNDERSTAND HOW HE COULD BE SO STUPID, BUT IT'S TRUE.

MASSACHUSETS GENERAL HOSPITAL.
MARTIN HEULER'S OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL.
YET AT THIS VERY MOMENT HIS LIFE AS HE KNOWS IT--PITIFUL AS IT IS--IS OVER.
THE GODDESS' SEED OF TRANSFORMATION SPROUTS, AND BLOSSOMS.
LIFE BEGINS ANEW.
WHAT'S WITH ALL THAT THUMPING AROUND IN THERE?
KNOCK KNOCK
HEY KID! HOW'D YOU GET IN THERE?
YOU LITTLE IMP--THAT'S MY WALLET!
HA-HA!

THE BOY RUNS NIMBLY THROUGH THE MAZE OF CORRIDORS TOWARDS THE EXIT, HIS MOVEMENTS SURE, ALMOST GUIDED.
WITHIN SECONDS, FREEDOM IS HIS.
STILL-DAMP CLOTHES FROM THE BACKYARD OF A SLEEPING HOUSEHOLD PROVIDE MEAGER PROTECTION FROM THE NEW YEAR'S CHILL.
HE SNEAKS ABOARD A TRAIN HEADED TO NEW YORK CITY.
DEEP WITHIN, SOMETHING PULLS.
BACK IN MANHATTAN, IN A BAR ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO TELL PEOPLE ABOUT THE GODDESS --WHAT SHE STOOD FOR.
HOW WOULD SIX-- I MEAN FIVE-- MISFITS LIKE US CONVINCE ANYBODY SHE EVEN EXISTED?
666
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S GONE.
THE DOCKS: PIER 22...
WOULD YOU WAIT FOR ME MISTER? I JUST GOTTA GET SOME-THING.
ONLY 'CAUSE YOU PAID ME UP FRONT.
WATCH YOURSELF, KID, THIS AIN'T A SAFE PLACE AT NIGHT.

MORTE... MAMME.
THE PULL INSIDE BECOMES AN ACHE.
CENTRAL PARK, ONE-THIRTY A.M.
THANKS, YOU GUYS-- ZINC LOVED THE PARK.
I'M SURE THERE'S SOME LAW AGAINST THIS. OTHERWISE ONE WOULD BE TRIPPING OVER LITTLE HOME-MADE CROSSES ALL OVER THE PLACE.
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARK, IN SHEEP'S MEADOW...
AN UNSEASONABLY WARM BREEZE TUGS AT THE BLOOD-STAINED CLOTH.
HIS DUTY DONE, HE LIES BENEATH THE BILLOWING SHROUD...
...AND MIRACULOUSLY, THE ACHE IS GONE.

HE WAS YOUR BEST FRIEND, WASN'T HE GAGE?
YUP.
AND HE WAS...HE WAS A HARROWER.
I BET HIS SPIRIT'S STILL ALIVE OUT THERE SOME WHERE, JUST LIKE THE GODDESS' IS.
OH, COME ON. WE MAY AS WELL FACE IT. THE ONLY PLACE ZINC AND THE GODDESS ARE ALIVE...
...IS IN OUR MEMORIES.
CHECK IT OUT. WHERE DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GOING, THIS TIME OF NIGHT.
LETS FIND OUT.
OH, MY GODDESS!
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

THOUGH IT IS THE MIDDLE OF WINTER, A STRANGE SPRING HAS COME TO CENTRAL PARK. TEN THOUSAND CANDLES DRIVE THE DARKNESS BACK, AND FOR TONIGHT AT LEAST, HOPE IS IN SEASON.
NYU
YOU KNOW WHAT GANG? NO POWERS. NO WEAPONS. MAYBE WE ARE JUST FIVE MISFITS. BUT WE'RE NEEDED HERE.
TO TELL THESE PEOPLE ABOUT MORTE MAMME?
JUST LOOK AT THEIR FACES! THEY'LL LISTEN...
...AND THEY'LL BELIEVE.
THE END